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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894

Two Corrected Impressions*

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

MR. RUSKIN.

[Continued from Aug. 18, and concluded.]

III.

AFTER the havoc that has been made during the last four or five years in the ranks of the great seniors of English Literature there is, perhaps, but one name left, if indeed there be one, who shares the first-class, in merit and seniority combined, with that of Mr. Ruskin. There is certainly none which has seen, during the lifetime of its owner, such curious vicissitudes of popular repute. It will soon be, if it is not already, fifty years since "A Graduate of Oxford" arose to admonish the British nation of its sins and shortcomings in the matter of art and appreciation of art. For some ten years or more after that, Mr. Ruskin was a voice crying in the wilderness, but attracting more and more younger voices to go and cry after him. For about twenty subsequent to this first decade he was a power, in some of his innumerable lines sweeping public taste more or less with or before him. And then the inevitable reaction which generally waits till after a man's death, but which in his case was hastened by certain oddities of his own whereon more must be said hereafter, set in with more than its usual severity. Young England, once Mr. Ruskin's disciple in art, has accomplished in regard to him the denial of St. Peter without St. Peter's repentance. It knows not the man; it will have none of him; it calls his favorite ideas "the Ruskinian heresy," and labors to set up some quite different thing from Ruskinism. And all the while, to those outsiders who can look coolly at the game, it is perfectly obvious that the blasphemers of Mr. Ruskin never could, metaphysically speaking, have come into existence but for Mr. Ruskin himself; and that they are, according to the well-known custom of certain savage tribes, eating their father.

I think I may speak without too great *outré* for these outsiders. I have never been a Ruskinite, though I have always thought that nobody in our time has touched Mr. Ruskin at his very best as an artist in the *flamboyant* variety of English prose; and I have never been an anti-Ruskinite, though I know perfectly well what the anti-Ruskinites mean by their fault-finding, and even to a certain extent agree with it. When Mr. Ruskin began, as above remarked, to cry in the wilderness, it must be admitted by everyone who gives himself the trouble to know, that he had a very great and terrible wilderness to cry in. I have never, being as has been said a hopeless outsider, been able to acquiesce in the stereotyped opinion (accepted docilely by a dozen generations of *soi-pensant* young rebels) that Paris is an artistic Jerusalem and London an artistic Samaria. But in the second quarter of this century we were certainly in rather a bad way artistically. We had Turner (who was certainly a host, though a very undisciplined host, in himself), we had Etty (who has always seemed to me the prophet in art who has had least honor in this his own country), and we had some others. But for sheer ugliness and lack of artistic feeling in almost all respects, the reign of William the Fourth and the first twenty years or so of the reign of her present gracious Majesty made what has been subsequently termed a "record" in English history; architecture had begun to feel a well-intentioned, but by no means always wisely directed revival: music, painting, most sculpture, almost all books, furniture, plate and domestic *supellex* generally exhibited a perfectly hopeless level of middle class

banality. I do not know that things have in all ways improved since. With some things that are much better we have had many things that are much worse. We have had the vicious popularisation of cheap machine-made art; we have had execrable vulgarities, we have had cant and affectation and *pastiche*. But, whereas from the thirties to the sixties, it was almost impossible to buy anything new that was not complacently hideous, from the sixties to the nineties it has always been possible to buy something new that was at least graceful in intention.

And this was more the doing of Mr. Ruskin than of any single man. Of course, nothing of the kind is ever the doing of any single man. The *Præ-Raphaelites*, the '51 Exhibition—a horrid thing in itself,—the Oxford Movement, the popularization of travel abroad, and a dozen other things not only helped, but did much more than any man could do. But Mr. Ruskin did as much as any man could do; and that is a good deal. He had perfect leisure, a considerable fortune, a wonderful literary faculty, an intense love for art. He was gifted by nature with what is the most fortunate gift for a man of genius, the most unfortunate for another, an entire freedom from the malady of self-criticism. It has never during his long career ever troubled Mr. Ruskin to bethink himself whether he knew what he was talking about, whether he was or was not talking nonsense, whether he was or was not contradicting flatly something that he had said before. These are the requisites of a prophet in these modern times; and Mr. Ruskin had them.

And with them he set himself to work to beat up the quarters of British Philistia, first in the department of art, and then in many another. At first he used Turner and the *Præ-Raphaelites* for his battering rams: then he was for a season wholly Venetian; then he spread himself widely into political economy and philosophising of all kinds; then he erected a sort of private pulpit, and in "Fors Clavigera" and other things made almost a religion of his own idiosyncrasy; then, as all men know, he established himself at his own University and led men captive, as an irreverent one phrased it, by "road making and rigmarole." Then a fresh band of Philistines, masquerading as the circumcision of Art itself, set upon him and cried shame upon his version of aesthetics, and found fault with the imperfection of his technique, and urged Miller against Turner, and flung studio jargon against lecture-room mysticism. And meanwhile, oddly enough, his despised, and I must say I think, rather despicable Political Economy, won the ground that his aesthetics had lost: and all or half of our socialists and semi-socialists nowadays talk "Unto this Last," without its mysticism or its eloquence, and with twice its unreason.

A most odd career: not exactly paralleled, so far as I can remember, and chequered by many things which in this rapid sketch I have had to leave out, such as the singular and very important relations of Mr. Ruskin to Carlyle. A career on which, no doubt, the anathema of the most distinguished of Mr. Ruskin's own Oxford contemporaries may be pronounced to the effect that it is "fantastic and lacks sanity"; which may be called (if anybody likes) a kind of failure; but which has influenced England in a vast number of different ways as the career of no other man living or lately dead has influenced it.

It is extremely difficult to criticise Mr. Ruskin, if only for the very simple reason that, as has been remarked already, he has never been good enough to criticise himself. He once characteristically boasted that he "had never withdrawn a sentence, written since 1860, as erroneous in princi-

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ple." In 1860 Mr. Ruskin was nearly forty, and we are to suppose (which, indeed, is self-evident from the complete recasting of the earlier volumes of "Modern Painters"), that there was a good deal to withdraw before that. But the fact is that, disowned or not disowned, all his work in reality bears the same marks—an intense love of beauty; a restless desire to theorise on beautiful objects; a vivid imagination; a rather weak logical gift; a strong but capacious moral sense; a knack of succumbing to any tempting current theory; a marvellous command of eloquent prose; and, as must be constantly repeated, an utter absence of critical faculty properly so called.

Such a combination with such faculties of expressing it must needs produce work as disconcerting as it is stimulating. In his inequalities of style Mr. Ruskin is very much at one with all practitioners of prose during this century and with most during others. But where he is almost unique is in his inequalities of thought and matter. Landor, who is his most easily suggested analogue in this, is not really a parallel: for Landor's thought is never good for much, it is at best not contemptible and presents a decent standard tradition from the classics. Mr. Ruskin's is, for the most part, purely original (with the suggestions and adoptions above noted) and at times it has really marvellous vigor, felicity and truth. At others, and just as often, it is sheer nonsense—the sentiment of a simpleton, the gabble of a governess, the maunderings of a moral moon-raker. It is customary to sneer at the mystico-allegorical theology and philosophy of the Middle Ages. But those who sneer forget that the men of the Schools were justified by the simple and massive theory that their scheme of divinity, cosmology and anthropology was eternally and inviolably true, and that everything not merely might, but must, be brought into harmony with it. Mr. Ruskin's standards, on the other hand, are often mere "will-worship," ideas which he has casually picked up in the state of hypothesis from other men and which he erects into eternal truths. He has, for instance, been reading Mr. Max Müller, and he promptly reels off that marvellous compound of ingenuity and folly, "The Queen of the Air." He has been reading somebody else and he produces that astonishing mixture of namby-pamby nonsense, shallow speculation, and suggestive thought, entitled "The Ethics of the Dust." Although he is scarcely ever wrong in admiration, his dislikes are so capricious and so unreasonable, that one is almost safe in saying, "When Mr. Ruskin passes from praise to blame he may, as a rule, be neglected." Nothing is too wild for him to say when he is in his altitudes, and he will gravely propose that certain goods, such as coals and petroleum, shall be sent about only by canal traffic and the canal boats only towed by men because "it cannot matter whether they get to their destination sooner or later." He forgets, of course, or rather disdains to consider, first that in certain circumstances men won't tow: and secondly that if some coals or petroleum get to their destination slower than other petroleum or coals, they will sell for less money or not sell at all. Although the youngest school which finds most fault with him has not, I think, much *locus standi* for objecting to him, as whimsical and one-sided, he is himself undoubtedly compact of whim, and it would not need the courage of a Euclid to define him as "a body with one side only." Mr. Ruskin is an example of such a body in spirit and intellect. A crotcheteer with a tongue of gold; an enthusiastic lover of art who systematically ignores some of the first laws of the artist; a political economist who would bankrupt Eldorado and unsettle Sparta; a moralist who does not know the meaning of fairness; and a critic who does not know the meaning of balance, such is Mr. Ruskin.

IV.

Enough must have been said in the last paper of the singular weaknesses and contradictions which meet us everywhere in Mr. Ruskin. It remains to say something of their

probable causes, and of the merits which accompany and as I think far outweigh them everywhere but in his dabbings with economics. The sources of Mr. Ruskin's peculiarities, both in merit and defect, appear to me to have lain as usual in his nature, and to have been developed as usual by his education. This latter (as in the case of that other eccentric Camberwell man, Mr. Browning) was of a homekeeping and haphazard kind, very different from the usual up-bringing of well-to-do middle-class youth in England. It is true that Mr. Ruskin, unlike Mr. Browning, went to a University, though, like him, he went to no school; and his comparative chastity of form may be partly ascribed to this frequentation of the Muses. But Christ Church, which does not like to be called a "college" at all, is even now probably the college of both Universities in which the University and, strictly speaking, collegiate influence are weakest: and for a gentleman-commoner in Mr. Ruskin's time it was weaker still. The shaping, moulding, training influence of the ordinary English liberal education has been abused as well as lauded, and I suppose that it may to a certain extent and in certain cases act as a cramp and a restraint; but it certainly acts in a far greater number as a beneficial discipline. Discipline is what Mr. Ruskin has always lacked; as well in methods of expression as in the serene self-confidence which has enabled him to deliver himself on any and every subject, without any suspicion that he is talking ill-informed nonsense. Discipline, Oxford did not give, had indeed no full opportunity of giving to Mr. Ruskin: but she gave him, there can be no doubt, additional inspiration. She nourished in him that passion for architecture which no single city in the United Kingdom is so richly dowered with the means of exciting and gratifying: and she, no doubt, also strengthened in him the general Romantic tendency of which he is so characteristic an exponent.

For the other part of the matter it has long ago seemed to me—I do not know that I have seen it noticed or suggested by anybody else—that the central peculiarity of Mr. Ruskin is a singular and almost unparalleled union of two main characteristics, one of which is usually thought of as specially French, the other as specially English. The first is an irresistible and all-pervading tendency to generalize—to bring things under what, at any rate, seems a law, to erect schemes and deduce and connect. The other is the unconquerable ethical tone of all his speculations. To follow out the ramifications of this strangely crossed nature of his would take a very great deal of space, and would partake more of the style of abstract criticism than would perhaps be suitable to this paper. But one or two applications and corollaries of what has just been said may be indicated. Thus it may be pointed out that Mr. Ruskin's extraordinary insensibility to the ludicrous hangs on to both the un-English and the English sides of his intellectual temperament. His mania for generalizing blinds him to the absurd on the one side, as we constantly find it doing in Continental thinkers: his insatiable appetite for moral applications and his firm belief in his moral mission blind him, as we find these things do often in Britons. When Mr. Ruskin says that a square leaf on any tree would be ugly, being a violation of the law of growth in trees, we feel at once that we are in the company of an intellectual kinsman of the learned persons whom Molière satirised. He deprecates expenditure on plate and jewels (while admitting that "noble art may occasionally exist in these") because they are matters of ostentation, a temptation to the dishonest, and so on—a moral paralogism which would be almost impossible to anyone not of British blood. But I must leave this key to Mr. Ruskin in the hands of the ingenious reader, who will find it do a great deal of unlocking. A man with an ardent sense of duty combined with an ardent desire to do good; eager to throw everything into the form of a general law, but eager also to give that general law, directly or indirectly, mystically or simply, an ethical bearing and interpretation; ex-

tremely fond of throwing his discourse into an apparently argumentative form, but probably more prone than any man of equal talents who has lived during this century to logical fallacies and illicit processes of every kind—grasp the man as this and the works will cease to be a puzzle or an irritation, because the reason of them will at once be plain.

And it would be a very great pity, indeed, if the Book of Ruskin were to remain to anyone merely a closed book, an irritation or a puzzle. For, if these curious volumes are taken with a due amount of rational salt, they cannot fail to enlarge and exercise the tastes and powers of the reader; while, if read simply for enjoyment, they will be found to contain the very finest prose (without exception and beyond comparison) which has been written in English during the last half of the nineteenth century. The great merit of this prose is that it is never, as most of the ornate prose styles of a more recent day are, affected and unnatural. Great pains have been spent on the writing of English prose during the last twenty years—greater, I think, than had been taken for several generations. But the result has almost always had (to my taste at least) something too much of the lamp—a too constant reminder that here the gentleman did take great pains, that he turned the sentence this way and that to give it an air of distinction, that he picked his words so as to give them, if not quite a new meaning and collocation, at any rate a collocation and meaning as different as possible from that which they had usually had. One thinks far too often of the story of Paul de Saint-Victor (a real artist, too) scattering single words about a paper, and then filling in and writing up to them. Our latter-day prose of this kind is sometimes eloquent, but it is rarely elegant; it is sometimes splendid, but it is seldom or never at ease; it is often quaint and rare in embellishment, but it is seldom, or never, unconscious of its dress. Now, Mr. Ruskin's purple patches—despite a rather too great tendency to run not merely into definitely rhythmical, but into definitely metrical forms—are never labored, they never suggest effort, strain, or trick. He warms to them naturally, he turns them out without taking his coat off and "sweating blood and water" to perform the operation. They are to be found, it is true, mainly, though by no means wholly, in his earlier books. The practice of alternately chattering and scolding, to which he unfortunately betook himself some five-and-twenty years ago, is not favorable to the production of fine English, unless the writer can rise to the level of a real *sacra indignatio*. This Mr. Ruskin can seldom do: for, as has been already noted, the weakness of his reasoning powers and the abundance and waywardness of his crotchets never betray themselves so much as when he is talking of what he does not like.

But in his early days of enthusiasm he was often magnificent—no lesser word will do. It was some time before I could bring myself (well knowing what the comparative result would be) to compare the second of the two recent volumes of selections which cover his whole work with the early and now precious volume which was published in 1861, and which was perforce confined to the greater and earlier books—the "Modern Painters," the "Stones of Venice," the "Seven Lamps," the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" and a very few others. In this older volume you will, no doubt, find the crotchet and the waywardness, the paralogism and the undue preaching, not, as he once put it, of "the connection between art and human passion" (which is perfectly true and important), but of that between art and its influence on the life of the artist (which is chiefly not to the point). But you will also find far more frequently than later—indeed, in this volume on almost every page—a phrasing so admirable, a selection of imagery so fertile and felicitous as to compel admiration, even if the matter, instead of being almost always noble (if not always quite sane), were purely wrongheaded or purely unimportant. For more than forty years artists in flamboyant prose have been writing after and

after the famous description of the Falls of Schaffhausen in "Modern Painters." Mr. Swinburne, in his "Blake," once very nearly, if not quite, equalled it; all the rest are nowhere. The "Stones of Venice" is crammed with similar passages: in fact, it is *the* book of descriptive prose in English, and all others toil after it in vain.

For happier expressions of crotchety conceit, where shall we look than in the rather numerous passages where Mr. Ruskin sets forth his favorite craze that bright colors are virtuous, dark and neutral tints wicked? The thing is false, it is almost silly; but it is so charmingly put that you chuckle at once with keen pleasure and mild scorn. Also, the man can observe, which is the most uncommon of all gifts. The fault of our modern impressionist lies in just this—that the artist seems to think he must empty out of his representation everything but the mere individual impression itself, so that he does not really give what he sees, or what anybody sees, but what is or might be seen with an arbitrary subtraction of allowance for the seer's presumed idiosyncrasy. This is as bad as the most slavish convention or the most exaggerated personal crotchet. Now, Mr. Ruskin certainly does not minimize the personal element; yet he can, when he chooses, keep it to its lowest terms. But I am outrunning my limits. To sum up the impression side of the matter—when I was young, Mr. Ruskin's crotchets used to irritate me more than they ought: they now irritate me hardly at all, and only bore me a little. But I think I like his beauties more than ever; and I am disposed to think, also, that he has brought more folk to art than he has ever bitten with his own heresies about it. And these are, after all, harmless heresies enough; and not more dangerous, while they are much less disgusting, than the exaggerations on the other side.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Literature

Mr. Lang on the Preternatural

Cock Lane and Common Sense. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. LANG'S variety and versatility of talent are well known. He has won an eminent reputation in at least four distinct provinces of authorship,—in science, criticism, poetry, and that wide domain known under the name of light literature. That this dissipation of his powers, as some might consider it, has been an injury to them, cannot fairly be said, any more than it can be said in other more famous instances of like versatility,—in the cases, for example, of Voltaire, Goethe, Scott, and of one who, if not the most celebrated, was in some respects the most remarkable of all, Sheridan,—

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

But in his latest production it is to be feared that Mr. Lang has attempted to combine two of his "modes," which are in their nature incompatible,—science and light literature,—and that the attempt has not been as fortunate as his admirers would desire. The subject of his book certainly belongs, as he himself avows, or rather claims, to pure science, in those two of its branches in which he has gained distinction,—anthropology and folk-lore. Now science in its nature is a grave subject, and to combine gravity and levity would seem to be a task beyond even our author's unquestionable talent. The very title of his book, when compared with the titles of his earlier scientific works, "Custom and Myth," "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," is indicative of the change of style. Not less significant is the variance in the line of his dedications. "Custom and Myth" is inscribed to Dr. E. B. Tylor, the distinguished author of "Primitive Culture,"—"Myth, Ritual, and Religion," to Prof. Sellar of the University of Edinburgh. But "Cock Lane and Common Sense" is dedicated to the much-admired cultivator of the lightest of light literature, Mr. James Payn, whose novels delight thousands of readers, scientific and otherwise, as much as they do

Mr. Lang, and whose weekly sparkles of wit lend additional brightness to the columns of *The Illustrated London News*. How highly Mr. Lang appreciates his friend's style of pleasantness is shown in his present work, much of which is couched in the same fashion of humor, congruous enough perhaps to many of the facts related, but not exactly accordant with the higher purpose of the book.

This purpose is simply to satisfy the scientific world of the truth of Hamlet's warning to Horatio. There are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy is willing to admit. For "philosophy," however, Mr. Lang would read "common sense," or rather that particular form of common sense, which, as he sarcastically quotes,—

"Delivers brawling judgments all day long.
On all things, unashamed,"—

and which he very reasonably despises. His complaint against science, or rather against the leaders of science, is of a different cast. It is not that they deliver adverse judgments on the matters which he deems important, but rather that they refuse to take these matters into consideration, and thus refuse to determine the truth and value of many alleged facts, which in his opinion well deserve their attention.

These facts are those of ancient and modern spiritualism or "animism," of "levitation," of apparitions, of second-sight, of telepathy, and, in short, of the various subjects which the members of the "Society for Psychical Research"—whom Mr. Lang, apparently, does not rank among the leaders of science,—have undertaken to investigate. Of the publications of this society Mr. Lang makes large use, as he does also of his own extensive reading in the classics and in modern studies of anthropology. The numerous facts and testimonies which he adduces are, as he justly remarks, of much the same nature and force as those on which scientific men have accepted the existence of strange and repulsive customs, whose existence was at first questioned—such as the couvade, polyandry, wife-capture, cannibalism, and the like. Anthropologists are now convinced of the existence of these customs, and they proceed to account for them, and to modify their science in accordance with them. Why, it may be fairly asked, should not natural philosophers inquire into those other facts, if such they are, about which Mr. Lang has accumulated such a mass of evidence. The cases of levitation,—that is, of human beings rising without apparent aid, and floating through the air,—seem miraculous; but after all, as Mr. Lang suggests, they may really be no more miraculous than the modern developments of electricity. They seem to defy the laws of gravity; but so does an electric magnet, when it draws to itself an object from a distance. If the fact exists, there must be a natural law which will explain it. In short, everything that we deem preternatural is merely something that has not yet been explained and brought under some natural law.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lang, under some unusual stress of mental confusion, perhaps due to his novel style of treating his subject, has done his best, in one of the later passages of his book, to destroy the effect of his whole argument. Treating of "the ghost theory of the origin of religion," he writes:—"We have already argued that the doctrines of theism and the soul need not be false, even if they were arrived at slowly, after a succession of grosser opinions. But if the doctrines were reached by a process which started from real facts of human nature, observed by savages, but not yet recognized by physical science, then there may have been grains of truth even in the cruder and earlier ideas, and these grains of gold may have been disengaged, and fashioned, not without Divine aid, into the sacred things of spiritual religion." This is curious reasoning, the force of which may be tested by a familiar comparison. By all savages lightning and thunder are believed to be the work of a supernatural power. And this belief, moreover, survived into the days of a high civilization. Zeus or Jove was the thunder-god of the Greeks and Romans, precisely as Heno is the

thunder-god of the Iroquois, Shango of the Yorubas, and Ilya of the Ossetes. Modern "physical science" abolishes this belief, without finding in it the smallest "grain of truth." It does this, not by showing what electricity is, which no one knows or can know, but by bringing all its phenomena under a general law, similar to the laws which govern the growth of plants and the movements of the heavenly bodies. If the phenomena of apparitions, clairvoyance, and levitation should, as Mr. Lang demands, be recognized by physical science, and their laws ascertained, what better reason can we have than in the case of the lightning and thunder for supposing that any special support for religious belief will be found in these laws? The true basis of theism and of spiritual religion lies far deeper, and rests on a ground which science cannot possibly affect, except, indeed, to enlarge or strengthen it. This ground is the old and irrefutable argument that law implies a lawgiver, and design a designer. We do not go back to savage errors, but forward to the clearest scientific truths, to find the foundations of religious belief.

It is fair to add that if Mr. Lang's latest volume will not compare to advantage, as a work of science, with his earlier productions in that line, it contains much that will interest scientific inquirers in peculiar fields of research, and, along with this, quite enough of amusing detail and disquisition to make it, for readers in general, a highly entertaining book.

"Creatures of Other Days"

By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. D. Appleton & Co.

ALTHOUGH THE AVERAGE person may resent the statement, it is nevertheless true that to this same individual, geology is a sealed book. Why this should be true it is not difficult to explain. Geology, when it appeared as a "science," was declared a fraud; then tolerated as an explanation of certain conditions, but not permitted to treat of the globe's history, either at the beginning or at the close of the era preceding man's appearance upon earth. Preconceived ideas shut out all activity in geological research beyond the locating of coal-mines or the extension of areas wherein might be found metalliferous rocks. In other words, geology and tradition came into contact and conflict occasionally, and the world decided that geology must in all such cases give way—but it did not. This is the story of more than one "science." It seems strange, in these latter days, that so much that poses as commonsense, although arrant nonsense, should be given a clear field wherein to explore, while truth has had to clamber over a rocky road since the dawn of humanity. In the case of geology, a good deal of the fault lies with those who treated of it, for the earlier publications on the subject were not lucid when they were intended to be popular; and the purely technical disquisitions were beyond the average mind. Happily this has been changed to a great degree, and yet, if we take up the popular books treating of geology, in any one or in all its phases, they have not that attractiveness characteristic of popular natural history. Probably it requires greater skill to extract the poetry from a rock than from the moss that clings to it, or from the singing-bird whose shadow falls upon it; but the poetry is there, nevertheless. Let him who is curious in such matters take up the first pebble in his path and, realizing it is but a water-worn fragment of some huge bed of rock, endeavor to trace its history. It will be the pleasant reading of a poem greater than any man has yet written.

That phase of geology treated of in the volume before us is of peculiar interest, because it deals with animal, and not with mineral, life; with objects that have become a part of many a rock and yet do not, strictly speaking, belong to it. These are called fossil remains; and how difficult it is, when we see them in the cases of museums, to realize that, thousands of years ago, such remains were living objects; that teeth now embedded in rock were once the armature of hungry jaws; that a single bone had once its place in a skeleton, and that the skeleton was the bony framework of an

animal more huge and possibly more fierce than any now living. It has been the endeavor of this author to make us realize what "fossils" really were, what they signify in all respects; and he has succeeded beyond any other writer who has ventured in the same field. No more difficult task can be conceived than that of making the reader, for the time being, himself a fossil and the contemporary of creatures that lived before man existed, and this is what Mr. Hutchinson has done. We forget that no such animals now live, and read of saurians, toothed birds and mastodons as though they were to-day but the fauna of some foreign land. The volume is beautifully printed and artistically illustrated. The reader should, of course, constantly bear in mind what Prof. Flower says in his preface to the book concerning the "restorations." These pictures are intended to give a general idea only; but the artist has so happily drawn the 24 full-page plates, that we are apt, on the turning of every page, to forget this and to think that we are looking at the photographs of animals in their native wilds.

Prof. Boyesen on Ibsen

A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Macmillan & Co.

THERE IS ABUNDANT EVIDENCE that we like to do things in the easiest way at this end of the century, to get the most for our expenditure, and the greatest amount of culture for the least labor. So it is really not surprising, though it appears to be so at first glance, that a book like Mr. Boyesen's should be published and should find a ready sale. Within its covers one can discover exactly what Ibsen is and does, without the trouble of investigating for oneself. One can rob his work of all its inferences and subtleties, pluck out the heart of his mystery, indeed, and neatly classify and label it for the admiration of mankind. What more can the veriest Philistine desire? What can he know of the joy of making these little discoveries for himself? He who must have his Shakespeare simplified and his Browning elucidated cannot be expected to take Ibsen unadulterated. We read more of the commentators than of the poets, nowadays; but, rather expecting the moderns to have the felicity of explaining themselves, we have an unaccountable dislike of seeing them reduced to prose and realism. Ibsen is undeniably a realist, but he has enough of the poet in him to leave something to the imagination of his reader, to simulate his interest by exciting his curiosity. And it is this quality that a book like Mr. Boyesen's robs him of. Everything is explained. A searchlight is thrown into all the fascinating dim recesses, and the plays are laid before us, bare and unadorned, and then pulled to pieces and analyzed, as is a flower by the botanist.

The book is a lucid presentment of the facts in the case, only it seems so much better worth while to read the plays themselves. Mr. Boyesen gives each of the more important dramas a chapter, telling and explaining the story of the plot. His critical comments are neither numerous nor very original, but they are sound and just—apparently unprejudiced, either for or against. The introduction gives a fair picture of the mind of this genius, who seems to have been "born old," who was "defrauded of the joy of life, which is everyone's birthright." Perhaps it is for this reason that Mr. Boyesen detects in Ibsen "a certain cynical satisfaction in discovering the worm in the apple, the flaw in the diamond, the rift in the lute." "My grievance against Ibsen," he says later, "is that I can detect no dominant principle underlying his criticism of life. He seems to be in ill humor with humanity and the plan of creation in general (if, indeed, he recognizes such a plan), and he devotes himself with ruthless satisfaction to showing what a paltry, contemptible lot men are, and how aimless, futile and irrational their existence is on this earth, with its chaotic strivings and bewildered endeavors. And again, Ibsen is, to my mind, as philosophically unsound as was Shelley. He has no more

conception of the value of the restraining agencies with which man, as a mere matter of self-preservation, has been obliged to hedge himself in. He has the same titanic impatience with Philistine morality." Taken by themselves, these statements may seem unfair, but they contain much truth, and, in spite of them, Mr. Boyesen yields to no one in admiration of Ibsen's originality and insight. His estimate of the dramatist's judgment of his fellowmen is especially accurate. His "constant accusation against the race," he writes, "is that it is mean and pusillanimous; that it is neither wholly good nor wholly bad." Confused and inconsistent as his ethics are, the trend of his influence is in the direction of self-realization. It is the halfheartedness of mankind, the weakness and cowardice, which Ibsen, in common with Browning and Meredith, complains of. Mr. Boyesen emphasizes this in his comments on the various dramas, but especially in his review of "A Doll House," which is the most careful and discriminating in the book and helps to a clear understanding of this rugged, elliptical, trenchant play. In summing up the qualities of this forceful personality, Mr. Boyesen says:—"He has the courage to look the ugliest truths in the face without flinching, and to record what he sees and feels with a relentless disregard of revered conventionalities."

Philosophy of the State

1. *The Nature of the State. By Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Pub. Co.*
2. *The Sphere of the State. By Frank Sargent Hoffman. A. M. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*
3. *Ethics of Citizenship. by John Maccunn, M.A. Macmillan & Co.*

IN THESE DAYS books are events. They are not mere works of art, nor authoritative texts, nor in any way independent and self-important. Book-makers, whether authors or publishers, are no longer the free individual creators that they were once thought to be, but only the channels through which certain phases of the general life and achievement express themselves. With this changed view of books and book-makers, critics are evolving into reviewers, or appraisers—or, better still (although the name is offensive to the "literary"), into "reporters." With the art of book-making highly developed, as we know it to be to-day, books are to be, not criticized, but reported. Not who wrote a book, and how successfully in the light of literary standards, nor who published it, and how well in the matters of binding and paging and typography—these things have lost their first importance to the public consciousness; but what is the book itself, and what its relation to the social life? The modern critic has the hard, if not impossible, task of doing for society what the individual has to do for himself, whenever a new sensation, or a new experience in general, calls for appraisal and response. In books he must see the sensations of the body social, the ideas of society's thought, and, seeing, relate them to a whole. Moreover, for the sake of cherished standards or ideals, he can honestly neglect none wholly. Books as events, in distinction from books as works of art, are all significant. They are all, not individual products, but symptoms of social conditions. The new sphere of criticism here indicated has been opened to current thought by the new, growing idea of society—the idea that society is not a conglomeration, not a community, not an artificial something as the result of compact, not a living together of independently acting individuals because of some divine edict, but a natural organism. This idea has had the effect of changing criticism into a sort of sociological psychology. To this idea the three books before us are definitely committed. Of course, they are contributions to the philosophy of politics, not to that of book-criticism, but their thought is, as all thought has to be, larger than its special expression or application.

Dr. Carus's "The Nature of the State" (1) is a strong argument against anarchy. It grew out of a discussion, begun in *The Open Court*, about the Homestead strikes, and would

show the difference between revolution and treason. The state is; it is fundamental:—"the relations which we call society, nationality and state are not mere phantoms." The priority of the individual to the state is unthinkable. Conscious effort, as in the case of the Constitution of the United States, may give "a solid shape to the state," which is "the organization of the common will of the people," but it does not make the thing itself. The state realizes itself by revolution; it rebels against those, who, coming into power, "suit their private interests alone in the formulation of laws," and so bring "the positive law" into conflict with the nature of things. Revolution, then, is the opposite of treason. "Revolution is the state's; it is the state asserting itself. Treason is the individual's; it is any act, which, as the result of conscious and deliberate purpose, tends to undermine the existence of the state." Obviously, apparent treason may in time prove to be real good, and, although the writer does not make this as clear as he might, real treason is impossible. The state, a natural organism, can never be undermined.

Prof. Hoffman is less metaphysical than Dr. Carus. He dwells (2) upon the state's sovereignty, rather than upon its reality, meaning, however, in the end about the same thing. "Sovereignty is the essential attribute of a state," and there is no such thing as a limited sovereignty, nor as a divided sovereignty. The state, a permanent institution, has "supreme control of all persons and commodities." All rights of the individual, "inalienable," "natural," call them by what name you will, are "ultimately resolvable into state-rights." The state has given, the state can take away—life, property, liberty, privilege of any kind. State-control of inheritances, of the acts of corporations, of means of transportation and communication, of schools, and, indeed, of all the phases of human life, is right, because natural. But it is important to distinguish between state and government. Without the distinction, Prof. Hoffman would seem to advocate communistic socialism, instead of organic socialism. The state is related to government as thought to language. Louis XIV. was the Government, not, as he boasted himself, the State. "No man, or body of men"—and here Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Carus meet—"can ever have the right of revolution against the state. For such a thing is an impossibility. But the people may easily have the right of revolution against the government." Only of the state is sovereignty by divine right.

Prof. Maccunn (3) is not less emphatic in combating anarchy and communism, in asserting the doctrine of the state as a natural organism, and in forcing the distinction between state and government; but his interest is that of duty, not that of reality or sovereignty. He takes the view of the citizen rather than that of the state. He sees in the doctrine of the equality of men a very serious fallacy—equal before the government men may be, to relate his thought to the foregoing, but equal before the state they are not. The state is an organism, not a communism. All should have equal civil rights, but not necessarily equal political rights. Men are equal only in that they all have worth. "A distribution according to worth would, therefore, although likely enough to be highly revolutionary, be anything but division into equal shares." And again:—"Equality, rightly understood, so far from being hostile to the existence of superiorities, is itself never on firmer ground than when confronted with superiorities that are beyond a doubt." Also, in his chapters on "Fraternity" and "The Rights of Man," Prof. Maccunn, but hardly with the strength and conviction of the two authors discussed above, asserts the ultimate reality of the state, of the social relations. Fraternity is no sentiment; it is fact, and "real laws do not give birth to real rights. They inscribe them on the statute books: they provide machinery for their enforcement; but they do not create them."

Three books could not work together better than these. Except for a few minor matters they are in very striking accord. Perhaps no one doctrine, of all the doctrines

that run through them, is more significant than that of the right to suffrage. They are opposed, all of them, to universal suffrage. Each individual counting as one, is a false basis to work upon. The vote should have quality: it should not be judged quantitatively. A qualitative differentiation of voters is a revolutionary doctrine for these times, but it is consistent with the idea of the organism. Majority rule should be, not the rule of numbers, but the rule of the state, as the organized common will. Capacity makes the right to vote. Complimentary to this idea is Prof. Hoffman's principle of taxation, that it should be on persons according to their ability to pay, not on property. But, as making the distinctions between quality and quantity, between state and government, between revolution and treason, between civil and political rights, the books here considered are signs. They are gospel to the independent voter; they give new faith to the reformer; they alleviate our fears of present-day social disturbances by urging us to the conviction that the state is eternal—they give to politics the strength of a religion.

Greek and Latin Text-Books

A COMPARISON BETWEEN the little edition of the first and second books of Eutropius, by Mr. W. Caldecott, and the best American text-books of the same order (as Prof. Rolfe's "Viri Romæ"), is decidedly to the advantage of the latter. The English book ignores the whole matter of hidden quantities in text and vocabulary, retains the antiquated spelling of *j* instead of *i*, and affords in the notes many instances of loose or indefinite expression, where an exact statement would not be only possible, but far preferable. The eminent fitness of Eutropius for early reading will be questioned by no one. (Longmans, Green & Co.).—THE "FIRST BOOK IN LATIN," by Messrs. H. Tuell and H. N. Fowler, shows the hands of experienced teachers. We do not find that it possesses peculiar merits above two or three other books covering the same ground, but it is carefully graded, and, as it is designed to fit pupils as soon as possible to enter upon the study of Caesar, it will probably be found to meet the needs of a certain class of learners very well. The conviction is steadily gaining ground, however, that introductory Latin books should introduce to the study of Latin in general, rather than to that of Caesar or any other single author. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn).—IN THEIR DAY the introductory Latin books of Thomas Arnold, Headmaster of Rugby, were perhaps the best. That they contain much material which might be made available for the purposes of instruction now, no one will be disposed to deny. The revision of the "First and Second Latin Books" and the "Latin Prose Composition," by Mr. J. E. Mulholland, however, falls far short of what is needed. Not to go too far into details, we find *Caius* given instead of *Gaius*, which, since the time of Mr. Arnold, has been proved to be the only correct form, and *quum* instead of *cum*. The word *corn* is used in the English sense, instead of *grain*, and the Latin form for Jupiter is spelled the same as the English. In the matter of pronunciation, the Italian method receives the fullest treatment, and there is not a hint regarding the existence of the so-called Roman method. It is hard to understand how such books can be published at the present time, except on the supposition that the reviser has designedly and consistently ignored the advance of Latin scholarship during the past quarter of a century. (American Book Co.)

TEACHERS FAMILIAR with Collar and Daniell's "Latin Composition will" be interested to know that a "Beginner's Greek Composition" has been made by the same authors, "based mainly upon Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Book I." A characteristic of the book is the free use of Latin idiomatic expressions, as throwing light upon the Greek. The English exercises for translation into Greek seem needlessly jejune. The spelling is singular; we find *Cyrus* along side of *Dareios* and *Phoinikia*; and such enormities as *Kilikiaks* and *Lakedaimonian* are admitted.—MR. COLLAR puts forth, also, an edition of the seventh book of Virgil's "*Aeneid*." The volume appears, in a way, to be a protest against the over-loading of preparatory text-books with grammatical references. We read in the preface that "Syntax has been the great god before which we classical schoolmasters, editors, and students have been wont to bow down." This probably accounts for the fact that the notes, so far as they follow Conington and other editors, are generally sound; when they show independent judgment, they reveal, in almost every

case, inability to feel and interpret poetic statement poetically; the notes to lines 73 and 170 are conspicuous examples. Eighteen pages between the index and the vocabulary are filled with "Word-groups," the relation of which to the seventh book of the "*Æneid*" it is hard to understand. The eight book of the poem is issued, in a style uniform with the preceding, by Mr. Tetlow; it is a much better book, and will be found useful. (Ginn & Co.)

THE "PHILOCLETES" of Sophocles appears in an edition by Prof. F. P. Graves. In spite of the conscientious work of the editor, the edition hardly rises to the level of the play. We doubt whether the greater part of the treatment of metres in the introduction, for example, is called for, and whether, if desirable, the discussion given is adequate. In the notes there is now and then a curious mixture of the historical and the mythical, which to younger students might be misleading; thus (p. 141):—"From Scyros in 470 B.C. Cimon brought the remains of Theseus. Thetis concealed Achilles, disguised as a girl, among the maidens of this island, that he might not be drawn into the fatal war; and here Diedamia, a daughter of the king, Lycomedes, bore to him a son, Neoptolemus." (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

SEVERAL ADDITIONS have been made of late to the list of serviceable text-books of the classics, particularly in the more advanced Latin work. In the first place, we note with pleasure the appearance of an attractive American edition of Catullus. The editor, Prof. E. T. Merrill, has devoted long and painstaking study to his author; while he does not evade the many and serious difficulties of text and interpretation, he does not run to the other extreme, that of over-loading his commentary with irrelevant matter. Both as critic and as interpreter he is conservative, but not unwisely so. A well-written introduction and full critical appendix add much to the usefulness of the edition.—A COMPANION VOLUME is the edition of the twenty-first and twenty-second books of Livy, with introduction and notes by Profs. J. B. Greenough and Tracy Peck. Notwithstanding the large experience of the editors, we find the book less satisfactory than that just mentioned. The introduction is brief, and slight attention is given to textual variations. The notes are strong in syntax, but at times less full than might be desired in regard to historical and archaeological matters. There are occasional grammatical references, but to only one of the standard grammars. At the same time, it ought to be added that the book was intended rather to encourage rapid reading in Latin than to furnish material for exhaustive study. (Ginn & Co.)

IN ORDER TO CORRECT the deficiencies in Latin pronunciation on the part of students coming from preparatory schools, Prof. J. C. Rolfe has prepared for the use of freshman classes an edition of the text of Book I. of Livy, with the long quantities marked. It is unfortunate for American scholarship that a text thus prepared should be found desirable; but as matters now stand, the book has a mission and will be welcomed by many teachers. (Allyn & Bacon.)—PROF. S. G. ASHMORE has issued, in Macmillan's Classical Series, an edition of the "*Adelphi*" of Terence, thus filling a gap in the collection of Latin plays with English notes. The introduction is not confined to the drama in hand; it presents a sketch of the development of Roman comedy, and a brief characterization of the work and style of Terence. (Macmillan & Co.)—ANOTHER ACCEPTABLE TEXT-BOOK is an edition of a considerable portion of Velleius Paterculus, with a carefully written introduction and excellent commentary by Prof. F. E. Rockwood. The work of Velleius, which is highly important as a source of information for the most interesting period of Roman history, has in this country been altogether neglected, except by specialists. In both matter and form, however, the second book is well suited for reading with classes; and the present volume may be cordially recommended to form part of a course in historical Latin. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dr. Owen's Second Volume.—Another instalment of the Owen "Cipher Story" has been issued. Of the four hundred octavo pages, about a hundred and forty are occupied with the account of the Spanish Armada, which is to be continued in the next volume. Why Bacon should have spun it out to such length when the labor of working it into so many different books must have been almost superhuman, it is difficult to conceive. All the facts—assuming them to be facts—which he gives could have been put into

a tenth part of the space. The "prologue" alone of the Armada narrative fills more than a page with such superfluous stuff as this:—

"Descend, ye sacred daughters of King Jove;
Apollo, spread thy sparkling wings to mount,
And try some lightsome sweet Castalian springs,
That warble to their silver-winding waves,
Making soft music in their gentle glide,
And take survey of England's Emperess,
And in her praise tune your heroic songs";

and so on for thirty lines more. The writing of this in the first place was but an infinitesimal part of the work. After it was written it had to be chopped into bits of one or two lines each, which were ingeniously interwoven into plays and poems on various subjects and published at various times. This is well illustrated in the preface to this volume, where Dr. Owen gives a portion of the description of the storm that destroyed the Armada, assigning each bit to its source. The following short sentence, for instance, is made up of lines from three independent works:—

"And this cloud hath now o'ercast
The angry heavens for this fatal jar
The storm begins, a savage clamour,"

The first line is from a play of Peele's, the second from "*The Faerie Queene*," the third from the "*Winter's Tale*." Another sentence begins with this from Peele:—"The mountain tops the surges the threatening winds conspiring with the floods to overwhelm and drown"—but we have to go to Spenser for "her in greedy grave" to complete the statement. The frontispiece of the volume is a picture of the "wheel" by means of which this odd conglomeration of disjointed literature is ground out. There are really two wheels, with "one thousand feet of canvas, covered by the pages of all the works" of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Spenser, Burton, and Bacon; and by turning a crank the long strip of canvas is wound from one wheel or cylinder upon the other. The "crank" who turns the crank reads off the "cipher story," according to the rules of the unexplained "code," to a typewriter sitting beside the machine. Whether the punctuation, which is peculiar, as the above specimens may show, is also regulated by the "code" or is inserted by Dr. Owen, we are not informed. (Detroit: Howard Publishing Co.)

New Edition of Mr. Reed's Baconian Plea.—The "*Brief for Plaintiff, Bacon vs. Shakespeare*" is now reprinted at the De Vinne Press by the author, Mr. Edwin Reed. It purports to be "revised and enlarged," but appears to contain no new matter of importance. Every argument in it has been refuted again and again; but no attempt is made to reply to this rebuttal. It was understood, I believe, that Mr. Reed felt aggrieved because he was not permitted to answer the opposing counsel in the Bacon-Shakespeare "trial" in *The Arena*, where the present plea had been already presented. It would have been a good idea to answer them in this new edition. (Detroit: Howard Publishing Co.)

Two New Volumes of the "Temple" Edition.—The "*Comedy of Errors*" and "*Measure for Measure*," in this ideal pocket edition of the plays, have all the merits of the earlier issues. The photogravure frontispieces are the Stratford Grammar School and the Monumental Bust over the poet's grave. (Macmillan & Co.)

Shakespeare's Portrait on a Pair of Bellows.—A recent English journal says:—"Talma, the French tragedian, early in the present century, purchased from a broker, in Paris, a portrait of Shakespeare which had formerly been in the possession of Sir Kenelm Digby, sometime Ambassador at the Court of France. The painting was in oil, upon a panel of an oval form, inserted in the centre of a piece of wood that once formed the upper part of a pair of bellows, the lower part of which, together with the nozzle and leather, had been lost. On each side of this piece of wood, and attached to the edge, was a pair of carved wings. Around the surface, close to the edge, and in one line, rudely carved, in letters rather more than half an inch in length, was the following verse:—

'Who have we here,
Stuck on this bellows,
But the prince of good fellows,
Willy Shakespeare?'

Directly over the portrait were these lines also carved:—

'O, base and coward luck,
To be so stuck.—*Poins.*'

And immediately under it the following:—

'Nay, but a god-like luck's to him assign'd,
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind.—*Pistol.*'

The above exclamation of Poins alludes, no doubt, to the insertion of the portrait into the wood that was used for so base and homely a purpose as that of blowing a fire; it is, however, wittily answered by Pistol; and not more wittily than truly. The portrait was said to bear a strong resemblance to the woodcuts in the old folio editions of his works. It was in excellent preservation, and represented a man about thirty years of age with auburn hair, grey eyes, a remarkably high forehead, moustachios, and a sharp pointed beard; a florid complexion, and a fine expressive countenance, full of sweetness, 'smiles and affability.'

The writer apparently supposes that the lines ascribed to Poins and Pistol are in Shakespeare, but nothing like them is to be found in his works. The portrait is not known to the authorities on the subject, and I doubt whether it was as old as it was said to be.

The Lounger

MR. MARION CRAWFORD sailed for Genoa a fortnight ago, after having been a year in the United States. During that time he has travelled from one end of the country to the other in settling the affairs of his late father-in-law's estate, and has written one novelette, "Love in Idleness," and four novels—"Marion Darche," "Katharine Lauderdale," "John Ralston" and "Casa Braccio." The latter story Mr. Crawford wrote especially for *The Century*; and he considers it his *magnum opus*. Before he put pen to paper, he talked the plot over with the editor of the magazine, and arranged for its publication. He said that he could write better if he knew just what his audience was to be. The story has been described to me by one who has read it as "a full-blooded romantic tragedy." The scene is laid in Italy, and the characters are American and Italian. When Mr. Crawford sailed, he took the proof-sheets of the novel with him, to give them the last touches.

MR. CRAWFORD is a most indefatigable worker, as his record proves, and the strange part of it is that the quality of his work suffers nothing from its quantity. When he writes at all, he writes constantly. Very few people knew that he was in New York for several months last winter. He kept out of society, and buried himself among his manuscripts. I discovered him by the merest accident. I have a sort of mania for looking over new buildings, and one day I ran upstairs in the Macmillan place in Fifth Avenue, to see what the big rooms up there looked like. I supposed that the upper portion was unoccupied as yet, and, seeing a door leading to the front office, I opened it and walked in. Imagine my surprise to find it fitted up as a literary workshop, and my greater surprise when a tall form arose from a chair. I was just about to retire with apologies, when I recognized Marion Crawford. I had not seen him since the early days when he used to write book-reviews and poetry for *The Critic*—before "Mr. Isaacs" was written. Of course, we talked over old times and were very glad to see each other again—at least, I am sure that I was glad to see him, and he seemed to be glad to see me. In that big front room, at an enormous table fitted out with pens, ink, paper and cigarettes, he wrote the four novels I have named. I wonder if the table had anything to do with the inspiration—whether it had any hidden plots in its woodwork or any scientific means of writing them out without the aid of hands? I wonder whether any other novelist, if Mr. Brett should lock him up in that room, alone with that table, could do as much and as well?

APROPOS OF MR. CRAWFORD and tables, I was speaking one day to a woman down in Bordentown, N. J., where he once lived with some relatives, on the subject of old furniture. I was boasting that I owned Joseph Bonaparte's bedstead and some other relics of the great Napoleon's brother. Not to be outdone, she replied with a complacent smile:—"We own a table that Marion Crawford ate off of." I expressed my surprise, which may have been mistaken for doubt. "Oh yes, we have it sure enough; we bought it at her uncle's sale." "Her uncle's!" I was convinced.

THE PUBLICATION OF Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" is again delayed. Not, this time, to make alterations in the text, for the book is already made up into plates and several thousand copies are printed, but because of the large number of advance orders. Sept. 7 is now fixed as the day of publication. In a recent paragraph in this column I spoke of some lines that were cut out of "Trilby" to pacify Mr. J. McN. Whistler, who saw himself in the character of Joe Sibley. This caused but slight alteration in the text. The greatest change, after all, has been made in the first part of the book, to which a number of pages omitted from the magazine have been restored. Another addition, not, however, in the original drawings, is a beautiful Van Dyck beard on the chin of Joe Sibley. It will be found in the illustration opposite p. 132. This beard was put on in New York. It is a very slight beard, but it serves to wipe out any likeness to Mr. Whistler that might be traced in the features of the smooth-chinned Joe Sibley.

* * *

IN THE FIRST YEAR of this century, a number of public-spirited Trojans organized the Troy Library, which now, at the ripe age of ninety-four years, will occupy a magnificent home of its own,



TROY'S NEW LIBRARY

the gift of Mrs. William Howard Hart. In 1809 a number of shares in the Library were sold to a Masonic lodge; and in 1835 the books were placed in the rooms of the Troy Young Men's Association, which acquired all the stock, by gift and purchase, in 1845. In 1853 was begun the successful series of art exhibitions for the benefit of the Association, among its results being that in 1859, according to a catalogue completed at that time, the Library had grown to 12,067 volumes. Since then the institution has grown apace, keeping step, in fact, with the growth of the city, which may well add to its pride in its industries, if not in its Senator, a greater pride in the superb building, designed by Barney & Chapman of this city. The interior arrangements will be simple and practical, and embrace a newspaper and a periodical room on the first floor, and an immense reading-room and three large art galleries on the second floor. There will be room for 100,000 volumes. The reproduction of the architects' drawing given here is taken from the *Sun*.

* * *

AN INTERESTING ITEM of literary news reaches me from Boston by a somewhat circuitous course. Mr. T. B. Aldrich is going to Japan and India, this autumn, to gather materials for a volume of travel sketches in the manner of "From Ponkapog to Pesth." Mrs. Aldrich will accompany him, of course; and I hear that two friends think of joining the party, which will probably sail from Vancouver about the middle of October. Unless the travellers get homesick and retrace their steps, they will complete the circuit of the globe, returning hither by the way of England. Just how long they will be gone from High-Tariff Land is undetermined. Speaking of Mr. Aldrich reminds me that his book-plate, engraved from the original drawing for publication in *The Critic* of Aug. 5, 1893, will reappear this fall in the volume which Mr. C. D. Allen is bringing out through Macmillan & Co. In smaller form it is to be used yet again this year, as the initial letter of a preface which Mr. Aldrich is writing for a new edition of his "Story of a Bad

Boy," to be issued with sixty or seventy drawings by A. B. Frost. A new volume of poems by the same author will appear this season.

WHEN THAT DELIGHTFUL BOOK, Mr. Aldrich's "Ponkapog to Pesh," was first published, a young man gave a copy of it to a Philadelphia girl who was just starting for Europe by a New York boat, going down to the steamer in order to place it in her hands. Three or four years afterwards he got another copy of the book, to give to a Baltimore girl, who was sailing for Italy from a Brooklyn pier. Boarding an elevated-railroad train to go down to the ferry, to whom should he find himself seated opposite but the girl from Philadelphia! A momentary silence followed their exclamations of surprise at finding themselves both bound for the same out-of-the-way point. It was broken by the young man's rather uneasily asking his friend to guess what he carried in the neat little parcel under his arm. "From Ponkapog to Pesh," was her intuitive and instantaneous reply. The two girls went to Europe by the same steamer. Neither of them married the man with the book.

SOME MONTHS AGO, it was rumored that Mr. T. B. Aldrich had been invited by the editor of *The Pall Mall Magazine* to contribute to the handsomely printed columns of that new venture in journalism a sonnet filling "about a page and a half, *Harper* size." Those who know that a sonnet contains but fourteen lines had a good laugh at the editor's expense. But in the August *Pall Mall* the tables are turned, and the editor has the laugh on them; for over Mr. Aldrich's signature appears a fine sonnet, occupying not a page and a half, but two pages, "*Harper* size"! The type, of course, is very large; and on each page considerable space is filled by the picture of a woman very scantily clad. A typographical error in the magazine turns the word "dwell" in the fourth line, to "dwells." The sonnet is a fine one.

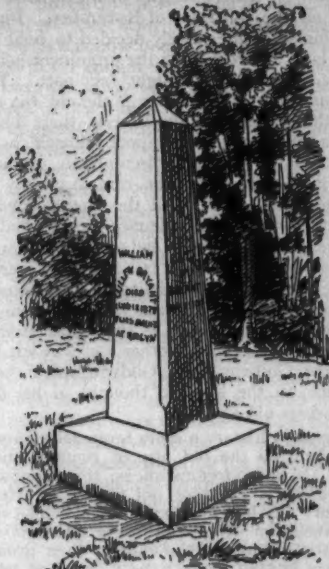
"The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth,
Beguile me not as in the olden days:
I think more grief and beauty dwell with truth.
Andromeda in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her suffering than she,
The slim girl figure fettered to dark shame
That nightly haunts the park, there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid,
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe:
A legend's shadow shall not move you so."

The Bryant Centennial

THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of the poet Bryant was celebrated at his birthplace, Cummington, Mass., on Aug. 16—somewhat in advance of the real date, Nov. 3. About 4000 people were present, among them many men and women prominent in different walks of life, and numerous members of the Bryant family, gathered from the North, the South and the West of this country. In the grove where stand many trees that were young in the youth of the author of "Thanatopsis," the simple and effective ceremonies were held, of which Mr. Wingate gives a detailed account in the Boston Letter. (See p. 124). Dr. Holmes sent the following letter:—

"It would have given me great pleasure to attend the celebration of Bryant's 100th birthday at Cummington, but the effects of a recent illness render it imprudent for me to undertake the journey. Thirty years ago I had the privilege of being present at a great meeting at New York to greet Mr. Bryant on his seventieth birthday. He was the oldest of that group of poets whose names were already familiar to all American readers. If such an office had existed, he would have been the dean of the guild of our native poets. Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell were all then living and in full possession of their varied powers. As I recall him on that occasion he seemed as one belonging to the past. His venerable aspect was growing more and more like the ideal of the bard as Gray has pictured him. I need not quote the lines which recur to all who remember Bryant in his later years. Yet, though his life was handed over to us from a bygone century, though he looked to the younger crowd around him as if he had strayed from another world into that of to-day, no man was more keenly alive to the thoughts and doings of his time than William Cullen Bryant. I could have wished to contribute on this occa-

sion to the memory of the poet in the form of verse, but I must be permitted to borrow the words of one of the guests at the banquet



MONUMENT AT BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE

in New York which express what I would say better than any I should be likely to extort from the languors of convalescence:—

'How shall we praise the verse whose music flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose?

'How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never, nor for blame or praise,
Nor hire nor party shamed his earlier lays,

'But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true;
All dyed in royal purple through and through.'

"At the meeting on his seventieth birthday Bryant was in a vigorous condition of mind and body. He might, perhaps, have lived into his ninth or tenth decade had he not been in dangerously good health, but trusting to his strong constitution he would



BRYANT'S SUMMER HOME AT CUMMINGTON (REMODELLED)

not spare himself. He forgot the limitations of three score and twenty, and nature reminded him of them in fatal message. As a patriot his name belongs with those of the 'Sons of Liberty' of the century in which he was born. As a man of letters he deserves an honorable place among those of the scholars of his time. As a poet he has shaped his own monument.

'Marbles forget their messages to mankind:
In his own verse the poet lives enshrined.'

A breath of noble verse outlives all that can be carved in stone or cast in bronze. In his poems inspired by Nature, Bryant has identified himself with her perennial life. In singing of death he has won the prize of immortality.

"BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 13.

O. W. HOLMES."

The pictures of Bryant's home and the monument presented herewith are reproduced from the *World*.

Boston Letter

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of William Cullen Bryant comes on the third day of November. But the people of Cummington, his old home, wisely decided to hold the celebration at an earlier date, in order that the prominent people who make the village their summer home might take part. There, on what is now known as Cummington Hills, is the old Bryant homestead. There, too, is the Entrance to the Woods, there The Rivulet, and there the stone wall which the poet himself helped to build, although much to his personal discomfort. Bryant's study and sleeping-room in the old homestead remain exactly to-day as they were at the time of his death; and the cradle in which he and all the other members of the Bryant family were rocked is still in existence. Near the woods where the lad of seventeen wrote "Thanatopsis," the celebration was held last week. Lorenzo H. Tower, Librarian of the Bryant Library, delivered the address of welcome, and Parke Godwin of New York was called upon to preside. Mr. Godwin's summer home, known as the Upper Bryant Place, was formerly the home of Bryant's mother and was left by the poet to his daughter, Mrs. Godwin. Mr. Godwin traced the poet's career and his influence on the life and thought of his day, and thus sketched his glorious old age:—

"I do not know in history a more impressive picture than that which is furnished by the old age of Bryant, gliding 'in long serenity away.' In easy circumstances, the acknowledged patriarch of our literature, the idol, not merely of friends, but of a wide public, every day he gave to some honorable, useful occupation, to the translation of Homer, to a patriotic address, to a cheery feast to the children of the village, to a great meeting for the furtherance of human welfare, to a letter of encouragement to some struggling young author, or to the reading and review of some good book. A friend at Roslyn, who walked with him on his last Sunday on earth, says:—'I turned to take my leave and saw him standing bareheaded in the sun, his face turned towards the sparkling waters of the bay, his white locks and beard just moved by the passing breeze, looking like one of the bards of the Bible in the rapture of devotion, or, better still, as an image of Homer himself listening to the murmuring waves.' Mr. Bryant died in his eighty-fourth year, and the last words that he uttered in public were an aspiration for the coming of that universal religion and soul liberty when the rights and dislikes of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind."

Mr. Edwin R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill., was introduced as the orator of the day. Mr. Brown is a native of Cummington, and was a warm friend of Bryant's. He is a self-educated man of high accomplishments and has been honored in many ways in the home of his adoption. He spoke of the great giants of New England literature—Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes—and then declared that this American sextette "was led, strangely enough, by a Cummington lad of seventeen"; led, too, not on some new and captivating theme, but on a discourse as old as the race, and as trite—a discourse on death. Of all the long line from Homer down, it was reserved for Bryant beyond any other to complete nature's circuit, and make even old age and death grand and sweet. Bryant's fame rested mainly on his verses, but his chief merit is that he was a great and constant moral force.

By far the most interesting part of the whole celebration, however, was the appearance of the poet's brother, John Howard Bryant, now 87 years of age. It was in 1826 that John H. Bryant's first published poem appeared in *The United States Review* of New York, of which his brother was then an editor. Twenty-nine years later, his collected poems were published in New York, in a volume of nearly 100 pages. The general characteristics of his poetry resemble those of his brother's verse, as he is especially a lover of nature. His part of the programme consisted in the reading of verses from his brother's works, and also of two compositions of his own, the first, "A Monody," written in 1878, just after the death of his brother, and the second, "At Eighty-seven," written for the occasion. From the latter are the following lines:—

"And now, amid the fading light,
With faltering steps I journey on,
Waiting the coming of the night
When earthly light and life are gone.

And shall there rise a brighter day
Beyond this scene of calm and strife,
Where love and peace shall rule for aye,
And goodness be the rule of life?"

Julia Ward Howe, of "Battle Hymn" fame, read a poem, and

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton spoke interestingly of Bryant's fame. John W. Hutchinson, the last survivor of the famous family of Abolition Singers, sang one of his sterling songs. Then Charles Dudley Warner delivered a most interesting address. He spoke of the days when he, a very small boy, having committed "Thanatopsis" to heart, went about repeating it at every opportunity:—"it used to interpret for me Bryant's feeling for nature—the nature that I saw—and the noble pathos of life. * * * I wondered then, and I wonder now, where 'Thanatopsis' came from. How did it come into the mind of a boy, in these remote hills, away from the suggestions of the great world? Did the hills teach him, and the forests, and the brooks, and the clouds? Was it industry and application that made this poem? I think, my friends, that we shall have to fall back on that mysterious something, the possibly supernatural suggestion that we call genius."

Among the other speakers were President Stanley Hall of Clark University, Mr. Archibald M. Howe of Boston, and Mr. H. S. Gere, editor of *The Hampshire County Gazette*, which published, in 1810-12, some of Bryant's earliest poems. Mr. George W. Cable was prevented from being present by sickness, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent a letter. (See p. 123).

Perhaps the most striking speech made by any literary man in Massachusetts, this summer, was that delivered by Prof. Norton at the annual dinner in aid of Sanderson Academy, at Ashfield. Prof. Norton said that the common school education of America was, of course, indispensable for the culture of the mental faculties in pupils, but that there was more than that demanded in order to bring the intellectual capacity of the people to a proper standpoint. There should be, he said, not only the use of reason, but the right use of reason, and for that, the cultivation of a high moral sense was necessary. He spoke of Debs and Sovereign as having enjoyed abundance of school training, and presenting in a large measure what passes for intelligence. And yet they lacked the quality even more necessary for the proper development of the country. In striking words he arraigned Gorman and Hill "and the whole pack of conspirators against the public welfare in the Senate of the United States," as he called them, when he declared that "they can read and write and do not lack the so-called intelligence. Neither did the assassin of President Carnot." "But," he added, "the intelligence that has a saving power must be enlightened and inspired by the moral sense. Then only is it complete and worthy of confidence." He declared that we have reached a new stage in the secular evolution of society and in the progress of civilization. The freedom of the individual has been accomplished. But now the doctrine of individual freedom and inalienable rights has been pressed to extravagance. The doctrine needed to-day for the improvement of the social order, Prof. Norton continued, is not that of the right of man as an individual, but of the responsibilities of man as a member of society. The mad folly of Debs and his slaves (I am quoting the speaker's words as reported), the corruption in public life, the wide-spread dishonesty in private affairs, are all more or less the results of the perversion of the doctrine of the freedom and rights of the individual and of the stunted sense of social responsibility.

The death of Arthur Rotch not only removes a prominent architect of Boston, but also a promoter of the artistic in all walks of life. He was a graduate of Harvard, class of 1871, and studied architecture in Paris. On his return he became a member of the firm of Rotch & Tilden; their work is well known in New York, Washington, Bar Harbor, Boston and other places.—Trinity Church, Richardson's great creation, is at last to be completed. The towers wherewith he desired to complete the building are now in course of construction. This will make the entire front of the church symmetrical, and will add much to the adornment of the handsomest square in the city.—The Public Library has become the possessor of probably the best collection of musical works in the world. Mr. Allen A. Brown devoted a great part of his life in collecting a musical library for himself, and now, thinking that it can be put to public use and be more secure, he has given it to the Library. It contains some 12,000 manuscripts and publications. Curiously enough, the very existence of this great collection was known only to a few of Mr. Brown's intimate friends, until it was announced that the transfer had been made.—The firm of Stone & Kimball, book publishers of Cambridge, is made up of Herbert Stuart Stone and Hannibal Ingalls Kimball, Jr.; both members graduated at Harvard College this June. * * * Dr. O. W. Holmes repudiates the recent interview in the *New York Press*, and declares that he never talked as the writer represented.

BOSTON, Aug. 21, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

THE PRESENT WEEK, deadly dull as far as literary circles are concerned, is at least noteworthy for the publication of Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman." This story, which has attracted unusual notice during its serial course in the pages of *The Queen*, makes its initial appearance in single-volume form, and so faces the question of the old three-decker with courage at the outset. In some sort it is historical for this very innovation, and booksellers will, it is safe to prophesy, remember the year of "The Manxman" as a landmark for many a long day. But the novel has more insistent claims on public attention, and its year is likely to be memorable for far other reasons than its protest against the familiar form of fiction. For in truth it is Mr. Hall Caine's masterpiece, and congratulations are pouring in upon him from right and left. A week or two before its appearance, Mr. Caine was in London, settling the preliminaries of publication, but before the book was out of the binders' hands, he had retreated, as is his wont, to his island home in Peel, to avoid the flood of good wishes which was bound to follow the issue of so powerful and impressive a piece of workmanship. Congratulation has found him out, however, and the story had only been issued a few hours, when Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Isle of Man to express his admiration for the new success. And now the reviews are following thick and fast,

"As though their whole vocation
Were endless admiration."

I believe it is no secret that Mr. Caine feels that in "The Manxman" he has got nearer to the heart of his adopted people than in any of his previous stories. When he wrote "The Deemster," he was, of course, already permeated with the spirit of the place, but he was not as yet fully familiar with its inmost life. A great deal of the detail was necessarily imaginative, and in imagination there is space for error. But since then Mr. Caine has made his home in Man; he has talked with the fishermen and shared in their interests and ambitions; he has, too, enjoyed the confidence of those who fill the highest places in the island. The result is that he has been enabled to produce a work which is woven not only of fiction, but of fact, and which bears upon the face of it the impress of truth and sincerity. It will, indeed, be a surprise if the book fails to achieve as great a success in America as in England: it will surely lift Mr. Caine to a new level among the makers of English fiction, and place him among the first few of contemporary writers.

The week has had its losses as well, and it is only necessary for me to make the briefest allusion here to the death of Mr. Francis H. Underwood, whose work and personality were better known on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. But among English readers, too, he had a small following; and his little study of "The Builders of American Literature," which was published here last summer by the enterprising firm of Gay & Bird, attracted a good deal of attention for its clear and masterly condensation of much riches into a little room. He would probably have been better known as time went on, and his death has made a distinct gap in the small body of those writers who are laboring to promote harmony and sympathy between the literary outputs of the old and the new worlds.

With the exception of these two events, the last few days have been singularly sterile; the attitude is one rather of anticipation than of performance. The coming autumn is likely to be busy, and the passing hour is principally interesting for the conjectures which are being formed with regard to the probable successes of the next few months. Last week I made some allusion to the forthcoming autobiography of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and to the Irish Literary Society which he has done so much to foster. Now the pleasant news reaches me that this little coterie has recently been enlarging its borders so widely that it has been found necessary to acquire roomier premises for its meetings. It has, therefore, migrated from Bloomsbury to the Adelphi, where it will be henceforth established in chambers close to the famous Savoy Club. There are now between three and four hundred members, and the recent recruits include no less notable persons than Mr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. John Richard Green and Sir William Butler. A quarterly magazine has been started under the joint-editorship of Mr. Lionel Johnson and Miss Eleanor Hull. Of Mr. Johnson I have already given some account in these columns. Miss Hull is a very young lady, who has courageously and unaided made for herself a distinguished little nook in London journalism. She has a pretty taste in literary criticism, but her real sphere is that of art, and she fills with considerable success the functions of art-critic to *The Literary World*, in which paper her bright and incisive arti-

cles have drawn to her a good deal of pleasant notice. She is emphatically a young lady with a future.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard, whose "Life of Zola" achieved some success last year, has since been busy upon a similar life of Alphonse Daudet, which is now practically finished and will presumably see the light in the coming autumn. Mr. Sherard, who is a young man of less than thirty years of age and of striking appearance, spends most of his time in Paris, where he does good work in the capacity of special correspondent. He has probably no rival in a certain kind of interview, being blessed with a happy faculty of getting at the heart of his subject and of eliciting important and novel items of information. His work will be familiar in America to readers of *McClure's Magazine*. He has enjoyed the friendship of Zola for years, and stands in much the same relations of intimacy with Daudet; his new book is likely, therefore, to have plenty of good material in it.

Among works of fiction promised for the autumn is a new story ("The Double Emperor"), by Mr. W. Laird Clowes, who recently came into conspicuous notice as the author of "The Great Peril," which ran through the pages of *Black and White*. Mr. Clowes is one of the few men who can be trusted to write authoritatively upon naval subjects, and it is rumored that articles appearing above his signature are wont to receive especial attention in the secret corners of the Admiralty. He has recently been occupied as special correspondent during the Naval Manœuvres, and is understood to have finished for the press a pamphlet which is likely to throw a searching light upon the probable shortcomings of our naval system in the event of a future European war.

It is not often that a new poet comes to us in a modest dress: in these days of delicacy and the Bodley Head, fresh singers are heralded with much pomp and circumstance, and printed with every splendor and refinement of the Constables. But a tiny book, bound in paper, and issued by the Dublin house of Whaley, has found its way to London during the last week, which proves that modesty is still at times associated with prowess. The author conceals his identity under the initials A. E., and seems to strive to escape notice in anonymity and plain binding. But I would counsel all who love good poetry in the rough to acquire the little volume of "Homeward Songs by the Way," which is alive with imagination, and with a certain mystical charm such as one rarely finds in the rather academic verse of the moment. I believe that A. E. will be heard of in high places at no distant day.

LONDON, Aug. 10, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Notes from Oxford

THIS HAS BEEN a very busy Long Vacation for Oxford. The Summer School of Theology organized by Mansfield College brought a large number of students from all parts of the British Isles and America from July 16th to the 27th. Then the sixth Summer Meeting of University Extension Students began on the 29th, and goes on (including Part II.) to August 26th; and before that is over the British Association for the Advancement of Science will have held its annual meeting here. It has not met here since the famous battle between Mr. Huxley and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) in the early days of modern biology. The Presidential address will be delivered by the Marquis of Salisbury, who on this occasion unites the characters of man of science and Chancellor of the University. The gathering will be a large and distinguished one. Among other things Mr. D. G. Hogarth, one of the younger school of Oxford archaeologists, Director of the Egyptian Exploration Society, will read a paper on a journey in the valley of the Euphrates, from which he has just returned.

Our whole society has been saddened by the sudden death on Monday, July 30, of Mr. Walter Pater, Fellow of Brasenose, the well-known man-of-letters. This is not the place to estimate the value and influence of Mr. Pater's literary work; it is enough to say that his writings have opened up to men and women a fresh delight in literature and art, and that his presence will be terribly missed in Oxford. Those who have known him as a friend will not cease to mourn for one who was among the gentlest and most courteous of men, who was ready to give of his best in whatever society he chanced to be, contributing always a distinctive element to the conversation, with a sincerity and delicate humor which gave to his speech an unusual attraction. It is sad to think how many of its men of mark Oxford has lost in the last few years: Lewis Nettlehip, Jowett, Henry Nettlehip, and now Pater—a Platonist, too, like Jowett, but with a difference; with less robustness of mind and less width of outlook, but, like him, deeply alive

to the seriousness of life and occupied with high themes. Both had humor and a subtle individuality which gave a distinction alike to their writings and their talk. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Class-Lists have now all appeared. In "Greats" the first class was unusually small (sixteen names), to which Balliol and New College contributed four each.

The new Master of Balliol, Mr. Edward Caird, has been in residence this term and his lectures have commanded large audiences. He has also revived his experience of the Schools by acting as Examiner in Greats. The Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Fellow of Magdalen, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Foulkes as Vicar of St. Mary's, and his sermons have already begun to make an impression. Among Long Vacation residents we are glad to see Dr. Francis Brown of Union Seminary, N. Y., who is busy with the Hebrew Lexicon on which he and Dr. Driver are engaged. Dr. Lewis Campbell has re-edited Jowett's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. The biography of Jowett is in the careful hands of Dr. Evelyn Abbott, Fellow of Balliol. Volumes of his Sermons and Essays, etc., are also in course of preparation for publication, but no date is fixed for their appearance.

Most classes come up for Michaelmas Term on October 12th.
OXFORD, Aug. 1, 1894. OXONIENSIS.

The New York Trade Schools' Exhibition

ONE OF THE MOST interesting of summer exhibitions is that of the New York Trade Schools in First Avenue, between 67th and 68th Streets. The Schools were founded about thirteen years ago by the late Col. Richard T. Auchmuty (and endowed more recently by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan), for the purpose of supplying the place of the obsolete and ineffective apprenticeship system in teaching young men useful trades. The work of last season's classes, now to be seen in the various schools, includes specimens of brown-stone cutting, brick-laying, wrought-iron work and steel tool-making, carpentry, house-painting and decorating, plumbing, steam and gas-fitting, plastering, sign-painting and printing. To these it is proposed to add in the coming season steam and hot-water heating and tinsmithing and roofing. Thus, all the important building trades are represented. The work shown is the result of a single season's course, and is in all cases well up to New York trade standards. The plumbing work is, indeed, decidedly superior. But in several trades the American standard is a low one, and the Schools should aim to raise it. The poorest work is in the carpentry school, but is due to the same causes that produce similar bad work outside—namely, hurry and the use of poor materials. These faults may, therefore, be excused on the score of the practical nature of the instruction given, seeing that the conditions are the same as those which the laborer has to meet in actual work. The Schools cannot, of themselves, change these conditions; but a concerted movement on the part of architects and builders would be sure to succeed. The Schools are also in need of good models and designs. Those in use in the stone-cutting and decorating classes are not up to present requirements, except for the cheapest sorts of work. Many of the young men in the carpentry shop show an inclination to ornament their work by chamfering, incised lines, or carving. This inclination should be encouraged, and should be directed by reference to good models. In the blacksmithing department some ornamental iron work of good quality is shown. The work of the house-painting and decorating classes is mechanically good, but inferior in design and the choice of tints. It should be possible for some of our more public-spirited architects to make arrangements to visit the Schools regularly and give some instruction on the artistic side of the trades represented. They would, themselves, gain in being brought into contact with the men by whom their conceptions must be wrought out. The scientific and practical aides are already well attended to by committees of the various trades associations and of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York. The Schools have already turned out upwards of 4000 skilled workmen, who have come from twenty-three different States and from the Canadian provinces. There are evening classes for young men living here and in neighboring cities.

THE increasing popularity of the novels of Jane Austen is a sign upon which the times are to be congratulated. Besides the Roberts Bros. and Dent editions, still another is coming, from the press of Macmillan & Co. It will be in small, convenient volumes and will be illustrated by Hugh Thomson, well known for his illustrations of "Cranford," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and other volumes of classic fiction.

Mr. Besant on American Magazines

WE MAKE THE following extract from an article by Mr. Walter Besant, published in *The Author* of July 2, in comment on the speech before the Quill Club of Mr. Frank H. Scott, President of The Century Co., as printed in *The Critic* of May 26:—

What is the circulation of American magazines? Of one it is said it circulates 200,000 in America and 30,000 in this country. Another is reported greatly to surpass this number in America, although its circulation is small in Great Britain; of two or three more it is said that they circulate over 100,000 in the States, besides having a small circulation in this country. Now, in America our magazines are hardly ever seen; there are none on the bookstalls, either at the stations or in the hotels. Why does the American magazine come here? Why does not the English magazine go over there? How comes it that while in a population of 60,000,000 some of their journals arrive at a circulation of 200,000, we find, in our own population of 37,000,000, without counting the 15,000,000 of Britons abroad and in the Colonies, our magazines crawling along with a circulation of 2000 to 20,000? We speak here of old-established magazines which, like those of America, are "serious," that is, do not aim at popularity alone. There are monthly magazines here which appeal to popular tastes, and, without being necessarily unwholesome or sensational, do attain to a popularity which rivals that of the Americans; but those we do not here consider. Why is it, in short, that the old-established and highly respectable paper *The Cheapside* is sending out every month its ten thousand instead of a quarter of a million?

Among some of the causes are, perhaps, these: In the States, the editor—always a man of proved ability—is engaged to give his whole time, all his thoughts, all his ability, to the conduct of his paper. He has assistants, all of whom are engaged also to give to the paper their whole time and all their thoughts. In this country the editor too often does a good many other things; he has engagements which distract his attention, he does work of his own which absorbs him. The first essential for the successful conduct of a magazine seems to be that one man, at least, should think for it—think all day for it.

Again, it has hitherto been considered enough for an editor to sit at his table and receive the contributions poured in upon him by every post, to read them, reject most of them, and select a few. It is only quite recently that he has even begun the American method—to plan beforehand, to arrange what he will have for the next year, and for the year after, what fiction he will invite, what poetry he will invite, what special subject he will treat, and, to be in touch with points of the day, what men will be best to treat them for him. One lesson for us would seem to be that the casual contributor by himself cannot be trusted to create a popular demand.

Few of our magazines are illustrated. Is the absence of illustrations a cause of failure? Some years ago a new illustrated monthly was started, in which the artistic element was treated most carefully. One knows not, with any certainty, how far this magazine failed or succeeded. But it has changed hands twice. Therefore good illustrations alone do not seem to bring success. Perhaps the English are not so keen after pictures as Americans. Some English readers, certainly, do not like the photogravure processes with broad black lines all around which decorate the American page.

As regards fiction, our magazines are apt to fall into one of two extremes; either, that is, they neglect and "starve" fiction, publishing poor, weak stuff; or they sacrifice everything to fiction, running two or three serials and depending entirely on them for success. Fiction in a high class magazine must be of the best; but it must never be considered the only thing.

Another lesson we may learn from the Americans. We have hardly yet got beyond the prejudice that the only serial in a magazine must be the novel. This is a very foolish prejudice, mischievous alike to the publisher of the magazine and to the author. For there are many books written every year—books of historical research, biographies, collections of verse, essays, travels, popular science, which, if first run through a magazine as serials, would attract thousands of readers, and give the book when published a far greater chance of success. At present the author has to be content, say, with a single edition of a thousand, or even 500 copies. If he expects any money he is disappointed. Perhaps he only expects general reputation or distinction. How much of either can he get from this mere mite of circulation? One or two

attempts in this direction have already been made—but tentatively. It is as if editors do not as yet recognize the fact that an extremely attractive serial may be made of a subject not belonging to fiction at all. For instance, many volumes of poetry are run through various magazines first. I would run them through one magazine only. "Mr. Austin Dobson's new volume of verse will be commenced in the January number of the New Year; it will run through twelve months, and will be published in volume form in November." Would not such an announcement be attractive? Or this:—"Professor Dowden's new work on Shakespeare is nearly completed. It consists of twelve chapters and is to run through twelve numbers of *The Cheapside* magazine; it will then be published in the autumn books of Messrs. Bungay." Does anyone pretend that the comparatively wide circulation of the magazine would not assist the author in disseminating his teaching and the publisher in afterwards distributing the book?

The next point is the investment of large sums of money in the enterprise. This, no doubt, is risk; such risk as few publishers care to face. Yet, if one appeals to the great public there are but two ways: to hope for gradual recognition of work always good; or by a bid for popularity—immediate and wide-spread—by treatment of topics always fresh and interesting; and by wide advertisement. Both methods, however, mean the investment of money.

One more reason, perhaps, why our higher class magazines are not popular. Nearly all of them aim, more or less, at expounding and perhaps solving the many questions and problems of the day. Not, that is, the treatment of fresh topics, but the difficulties of the day. The articles are, as a rule, very well written; the American magazines do not seem to me, on the whole, nearly so well written as our own; but if we take up the new numbers of any magazine of the better kind, what we find in it is too often the continuation or even repetition of the daily and weekly leading article. If the editors would only consider that the same subject which we gladly read when treated in *The Times* of to-day and in *The Spectator* of next Saturday, will become wearisome when treated, without much new light or much new wisdom, in the monthly magazine of the week after next, they would perhaps refuse certain papers. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, as when the one man who *knows* can be got to speak, or when one who is allowed to be a leader speaks. For the most part the writers are not known by the world to be of greater eminence on this question or on that than the anonymous writer in *The Times* or *The Spectator*.

Another reason, perhaps equally weighty, is the undue prominence given by English magazines to literary papers and especially those of the mournful or savage kind. It is a great mistake to suppose that people, even of culture, are always wanting to tear the literature of the day up by the roots, to see how it is getting on; and it is quite certain that the kind of criticism which only sneers and depreciates, and can only find in the popularity of a writer a reason for pretended contempt, is offensive to all readers, whether of culture or not. Of the "Decay of Fiction," the "Decay of Poetry," the "Decay of Drama," people have already heard too much. Americans do not strike this note, nor will they endure it; theirs must be the note of hope, eager looking forward and confidence. There is no reason why in every field of intellect, art, science, imagination, this note of confidence should not be struck by ourselves. I, for one, believe that it is the true note—that the present is a time for great endeavor and of deserved success. It is true that there are failures by the million, because there are attempts by the million. Instinctively the people—better class and all—turn with disgust from the pessimist and the mournful downcrier of what he dares not even try to imitate. Let us leave the million failures to die in nameless peace. Let us rejoice in the successes, and lift up our heads with something of the American hope and confidence. We are a young country still, with our future still before us.

These are some of the reasons why the English magazine is distanced and beaten by the American rival. The problem before us is this:—"How are we to maintain a high level of style and subject, and yet make a serious bid for the popularity which this rival obtains?"

Bourdillon's Poem in the Creole Patois

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Apropos of that brilliant of Bourdillon's, whose fire flashes so steadily, I copy a clipping in my scrap-book. It has been in my possession for so many years that its source is wholly forgotten, as well as its context, which could not have named the author, or I

should not have cherished my dear delusion that it was an Old French tid-bit. The impression may have been induced by the quaintness of the Creole version; and, on the other hand, the cutting may have been clipped from a mere scrap of waste-paper, since I am such a martyr to the reading habit as to be unable to escape the magic spell of print, even when exercised from a fence-advertisement. My scrap begins in the middle of a word (thus, "cical version of the poem in Creole"), and contains a misquotation in the third and eighth lines, and two typographical errors in the Creole rendering:—

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
With the dying sun.

CREOLE.

"La nuite ganin mille des zyeux,
Et la journee li n'a que eine;
Mais quand soleil zataigne so de feux,
Tout la limiere dans moun zetaigne

N'esprit gagnin mille des zyeux,
Et tcheur li n'a que eine;
Mais quand dans tcheur n'y a plus de feux,
La limiere de la vie zetaigne."

Oddly enough, a friend who has studied at the Sorbonne was with me recently, and I referred to this poem incidentally. "It is Old French," she remarked. On being reminded of Bourdillon, she assumed a puzzled expression, and said, "I had an impression that it was Old French!" All of which does not imply that the poem was plagiarized.

SIERRA MADRE, CAL., July 24, 1894.

C. B. J.

[The eighth line should be "When love is done." EDS. CRITIC.]

The Poor Scholar to the Critics

Ἦ μὲν, εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἄρτον ἐληλύθα; ἐς μυκὸν ἄλλον, κ.τ.λ.
(From the Greek of Ariston.)

YOU NIBBLING MICE, if bread you want,
Another's larder, pray you, haunt,
I occupy a hovel.
Go feast on authors rich and famous,
Call each of them an ignoramus,
But spare my coming novel.
If on my book your teeth you sharpen,
And every page you graceless carp on,
I swear I'll make you grovel.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

Eugene Lawrence

MR. EUGENE LAWRENCE, who died on Aug. 17 at his home, 340 West 19th Street, where he had lived for the last fifty years, was an interesting personality, as well as an able writer. He was born in 1823, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1841. Although he was also a graduate of the Harvard Law School and practiced law with success in Boston and this city, he soon abandoned that profession for the more congenial pursuit of letters; and for three years he was Professor of History at Columbia College. Until his death he was a liberal contributor to the literature of the day. The more noteworthy of his publications are "Historical Studies," *Lives of Hume, Gibbon, and Cowper*; "Smaller History of Rome," "The Jews and their Persecutors," "The Mystery of Columbus" and "Columbus and His Contemporaries." He contributed papers to the New York Historical Society from 1857 to 1892, and at the time of his death had in preparation a lecture which he hoped to deliver before that body in October. Mr. Lawrence was intimately associated with the house of Harper & Bros. as a writer of books and a contributor to their periodicals. His "Harper's Primers" must be added to the list of his most popular works. He was somewhat of a recluse, preferring to spend his time in his library, rather than among men; he had a large circle of intimate friends, however, whom he delighted to meet in his own house, though he was but seldom seen in their drawing-rooms or clubs.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

"THE Art of the American Wood-Engraver" is the title of a unique volume by P. G. Hamerton, now on the Scribner press. Examples of the work of contemporary American engravers accompany the text, in a separate volume. A collection of forty subjects, drawn chiefly from *Scribner's Magazine*, and printed by hand on India-paper from the original wood, the impressions being carefully mounted, and signed by the engravers, is bound in a handsome volume in crushed levant by R. W. Smith. The volume of text accompanying this is a dainty one, also bound in crushed levant; besides Mr. Hamerton's comment it contains a catalogue of engravers and subjects, biographical notes and a complete bibliography of the subject. Only 100 copies will be printed, each being numbered, and signed by the author and the publishers. The name of the subscriber will be printed in each copy.

—Arrangements were completed in the early part of this week for the public funeral of George Inness on August 23, from the Academy of Design. The artist's remains arrived in this city on the Anchoria on Sunday last.

—The letter written by the President of the Park Board in answer to the communication sent to Mayor Gilroy by William M. Chase, Augustus St. Gaudens and Stanford White, in regard to the Harlem River Driveway, gives reason for rejoicing, as, according to Mr. Clausen, the Commissioners not only are prepared to employ a landscape architect, but even anxious to receive from the three protestants the names of men best fitted for the work.

—In writing of the late Mr. Arthur Rotch, *The American Architect* says:—"Mr. Rotch was one of the most attractive, as well as the kindest and most conscientious of men. Until attacked by the malady which in the end proved fatal, he was a model of activity and industry. Always interested in everything connected with his beloved art, he was very popular in the profession, and those who knew him best understood best the delicacy of feeling and absolute unselfishness, which he united with his clear-sighted energy. An opportunity for advancing the interests of architects and architecture was what pleased him most of all, but, so quiet was he in his good deeds that, even now, few people outside the University and his own family know that the Department of Architecture, which was established last year in Harvard University, and bids fair to become an important factor in professional education in this country, has been maintained, so far, at his sole expense, he having, with characteristic decision, assumed the whole of an undertaking which was originally intended to be shared between his mother, his uncle and himself, but which, by the death, last summer, of both his mother and his uncle, would have failed, if he had not generously taken on himself the whole burden. Another instance of his interest and thoughtfulness was the way in which, quite as a matter of course, he paid for the furniture and furnishings of the architectural library at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which is thus housed in a particularly complete and model fashion." Mr. Rotch's will gives more than \$100,000 to public and charitable institutions, among the latter being the Boston Architectural Club, \$5,000 for the purchase of books and collections; the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, \$25,000; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$40,000. To the President and Fellows of Harvard College is given \$25,000 for the use of the Lawrence Scientific School in the formation and maintenance of a department of architecture.

Notes

ONE OF THE most important of the fall publications, one of the most important publications of the year, in fact, will be "A New and Complete Concordance, or Verbal Index to Words, Phrases and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare, with a Supplementary Concordance to the Poems," by John Bartlett, A.M., which Macmillan & Co. will issue in September. Mr. Bartlett is particularly well qualified for work of this sort, as his "Familiar Quotations" and "Shakespeare Phrase-Book" long since proved. For the past eighteen years he has been at work on this Concordance, and for three years the manuscript has been in the printers' hands. As printed, it fills 1910 double-column quarto-pages; and it may safely be said that it thoroughly exhausts the possibilities of the subject. There has been no large Shakespeare Concordance since that of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, which was made fifty years ago. There will probably be none after Bartlett's. The compiler has dedicated this, his

magnum opus, to his wife, "whose ever ready assistance in the preparation of this book has made my labor a pastime." In a letter to a friend Mr. Bartlett says that the sale of many tens of thousands of copies could not replace his pecuniary sacrifice in abandoning business for the purpose of completing this book. "Three thousand days of ten hours each would not fairly represent the time expended on the work."

—Among the fall announcements of the Century Co. are a new romance, "When All the Woods Are Green," a story of the primæval Canadian forests, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "The Reign of Queen Anne," by Mrs. Oliphant; "P'tit Matin' Monotones," a new book by George Wharton Edwards; William H. Bishop's amusing novelette, "Writing to Rosina"; and "The Century Book for Young Americans," by Elbridge S. Brooks, author of "Historic Boys," which will tell, in story-form, what every American boy and girl should know about the Government, the functions of the President, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, etc. The book will be illustrated with about 200 engravings, and will be issued under the auspices of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, with an introduction by Gen. Horace Porter, President-General of the Society.

—"The Sherman Letters" is the title finally decided upon for the volume of the correspondence between William T. and John Sherman, to be published by the Scribners early in September. The collection covers the period 1837-1891, and is complete in itself and of great historic value. The expressions of opinion which these letters contain are so freely given, says Mrs. Thorndike (Rachel Sherman) in her introductory note, "as to furnish an excellent idea of the relations that existed between my father and his brother." In editing these letters, Mrs. Thorndike has let them speak for themselves, merely binding them together with a few words of explanation where any is required. The book will contain the latest and best portraits of the General and the Senator.

—Harper & Bros. have nearly ready "Wealth against Commonwealth: the Story of a Monopoly," by Henry D. Lloyd, said to be a complete history of "the great combination of brains and capital which still remains the type and model of all trusts or monopolies." Mr. Lloyd has traced the growth of this institution from its origin to its vast proportions now, when it controls the oil markets and trade of a continent.

—The uniform edition of Prof. Boyesen's stories of Norse life, to be published by the Scribners, will be known as the "Norse-land Series." It will be inaugurated with the author's new volume, "Norse-land Tales."

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "A School History of the United States," by Mr. John Fiske, which we have already announced. The book contains several useful appendices—one giving the origin of the names of the States and Territories, with mention of books on the history of the States; another naming books treating of successive epochs; a third indicating novels, poems and songs, relating to American history; and a fourth on the calendar and the reckoning of dates. The book is fully illustrated. The coöperation of Mr. Hill, who has since been appointed Secretary of the State Board of Education in Massachusetts, adds not a little to the completeness of the work.

—Mr. Edward Emerson, son of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, will, we learn through *The Athenæum*, give two lectures at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, London, on the last two Sunday mornings of September. One of them will be "The Story of Thoreau's Life," the other will comprise the unpublished correspondence between his father and John Sterling.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have arranged with Mr. Heinemann to bring out the latest volume of Goncourt reminiscences in this country. The book is full of contemporary literary gossip and of equally literary "shop" talk. This firm will also soon publish a translation, in two volumes, by Mrs. J. W. Davis, of the "Memoirs of the Duchesse De Gontaut," Gouvernante to the Children of France during the Restoration, 1773-1836, with 12 portraits in photogravure. A large-paper edition, limited to 175 copies for England and America, will be printed, each volume of which will contain as a frontispiece a portrait in mezzotint by S. Arlet Edwards, printed in color and signed by the artist. The Memoirs of the Duchesse De Gontaut were written when she was eighty years old, and cover the period from the Revolution to the Restoration. She knew personally both Napoleon I. and the Duke of Wellington, and all the lesser French and English celebrities of the period.

—Mr. Julian Ralph is on his way to the Orient, for *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*. Upon his arrival in Japan he will forward accounts of whatever he may witness of the war between that country and China. He will be met at Yokohama by Mr. C. D. Weldon, the artist, who has long been familiar with Oriental life, and who will cooperate with him in his work.

—A collection of the poems of Richard Watson Gilder will soon be issued by the Century Co. under the title of "Five Books of Song." The volume will contain more than 250 poems, including several not heretofore published.

—The interesting announcement comes from Paris, by way of London, that the memoirs of Barras, announced and expected for more than sixty years, are at last to be published by Hachette & Cie. These memoirs, unlike those of Talleyrand in their published shape, abound in anecdotes, curious information and scandals relating to his contemporaries. Mme. de Staël, Talleyrand and Fouché are no less roughly handled than Napoleon and Joséphine. There will be reproductions of autographs and portraits from the Jubinal-de St. Albin collection.

—Herr Ibsen, writing to a friend in London, says:—"My new play is progressing rapidly. I work at it every day." It may probably be expected about Christmas time.

—The forthcoming book of "Scottish story," referred to in our last week's London letter as the work of a new Scotch novelist of promise, is to be entitled "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and will be published in America by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author, Ian Maclaren, is a leading Presbyterian clergyman in Liverpool. Some of the chapters appeared in the pages of *The British Weekly*, where they attracted almost as much attention as did Barrie's early work in the same periodical.

—Mrs. Craigie's new story, with the queer title of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," is long enough to be called a novel. It is the book lately announced in these columns.

—The American Sunday-School Union will publish on September 10 "A New Life in Education," by Fletcher Durell, of Dickinson College, and "How John and I Brought up the Child: By John's Wife," by Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell of Pasadena, Cal. The former won the premium of \$600 and the latter that of \$400, offered by the Union for the best manuscript submitted in competition on the Christian Nurture and Education of Youth for the twentieth century.

—Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the author of "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman" and "Aunt Anne," talks of making a visit to the United States next winter.

—George Meredith's only daughter, a young woman still in her teens, was married a few days ago to Mr. H. P. Sturgis of Givon's Grove, Leatherhead. Mr. Sturgis is a widower with several children. He is also an American, and is connected with the banking-house of Baring Bros.

—In the New York Post-Office 1,336,225,767 pieces of mail-matter were handled during the year ending June 30—a daily average of 3,660,892.

—The death is announced of Mr. Cecil Roberts, author of "Adrift in America," at the early age of thirty-four. His life, which was one of hardship and adventure, will be written of by his brother, Mr. Morley Roberts.

—At a recent sale in London several letters of Sir Walter Scott were sold. One of these, written at Abbotsford in 1812, to John Galt, in which Scott is convinced "of the folly and vulgar prejudice that literary talent is inconsistent with that which is necessary to prosecute the more active pursuits of life," fetched 5*l.* 15*s.* Another, referring to Mme. de Staël's forthcoming visit to the northern metropolis, went for 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and a third, written to Erskine, and dealing with Scott's unfortunate connection with *The Beacon*, for 3 guineas.

—Ethel L. Turner's "Seven Little Australians," with twenty-six illustrations by A. J. Johnson, which Ward, Lock & Bowden are bringing out here and in England, is protected by copyright in both countries.

—Mr. Stephen Bonsal, Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, is engaged on a study of the French *félibres*.

—Mr. W. F. Apthorp, the well-known musical critic of the Boston *Transcript*, has on the Scribners' press a volume on "Musicians and Music Lovers," including other essays. Another Boston author, Mr. Barrett Wendell, will contribute to the same publishers' Obiter Dicta series "William Shakespeare, a Study of Elizabethan Literature."

—The many readers of Alice Morse Earle's studies of old New England manners and customs will be glad to hear that she has written a volume on "Costumes of Colonial Times," which the Scribners will publish. Curiously enough, the book will not be illustrated, though it naturally lends itself to the artist's pencil and brush.

—The third and final volume of Pasquier's Memoirs will be published early in September.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Jefferson, granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, and Mr. Charles J. Rolfe, the youngest son of Dr. W. J. Rolfe. Mr. Rolfe is a graduate of Harvard, and practises law in Boston.

—Mr. F. R. Daldy, the London publisher, has recently been studying the copyright situation both here and in Canada.

—Mr. G. Mercer Adams, the editor of the new edition of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," announced by Lovell, Coryell & Co., has brought the work down to date in three chapters, on "Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, 1880-85"; "The Jubilee Year and Lord Salisbury's Administration, 1886-92"; and "Lord Rosebery and the Dawn of Revolutionary Politics." He has added, also, a survey of "The Later Literature of the Reign," and provided the work with a new index.

—Capt. Ingles, an Englishman, who has just concluded a six years' service as naval adviser to Japan, says that the Japanese officers are faithful students of Capt. Mahan, the American naval historian.

—"Health and Pleasure" is the seductive title of a paper-covered book of several hundred pages, bearing the imprint of the New York Central Railroad, and describing all the more attractive points, natural or man-made, to which the lightning-expresses, flyers, etc., of that four-track line conduct one. It tells how to get to over 1000 resorts, some of them near at hand, others in far-away Canada and Mexico, and farther-away Hawaii and Japan. An illuminated cover, maps in two or three colors and hundreds of illustrations represent an outlay to be expressed only with four figures. The book is sent free, however, to anyone who sends the price of postage to the passenger department of the road in this city.

—Bryant's mother, it is said, kept a diary for fifty-three years without missing a day. This is the entry for Nov. 3, 1794:—"Storming, wind N. E.; churned; seven in the evening, son born."

—Mr. George Moore's next novel is to appear first in serial form in *The Idler*. The story will, no doubt, be securely copyrighted in America. "Esther Waters" was not, which is a misfortune for Mr. Moore, as it has had a sale of many thousand copies in this country.

—The Scribners have in preparation an edition of the novels of Henry Kingsley, whom some critics (notably Mr. James Payn) think a better story-teller than his more famous brother Charles. "Ravenshoe" will be the first volume of the series; it will be followed in quick succession by "Austin Elliot" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn."

—"Corea, the Hermit Nation," by the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, is one of the timeliest books of the day, though it was published by Charles Scribner & Sons in 1882. When he wrote it, Dr. Griffis was already known as the author of "The Mikado's Empire," published by Harper & Bros. He was engaged in educational work in Japan for several years before the latter book appeared. Since he resigned the pastorate of the Shawmut Congregational Church in Boston, Dr. Griffis has been stationed at Ithaca, N. Y.

—The July *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* (the official quarterly of the Virginia Historical Society, edited by Philip A. Bruce) contains valuable antiquarian lore, such as "Public Officers in Virginia, 1702-1714," "Virginia Troops in French and Indian Wars," "Affairs in Virginia in 1626," "The First Legislative Assembly in America," "Abstracts of Virginia Land-Patents," "Historical Notes and Queries" and genealogies. All of these throw interesting side-lights on the history of the Commonwealth, and indicate the large amount of precious material still to be found in out-of-the-way corners of the Old Dominion. *The Art Amateur* devotes a monthly space to book-plates; many of which are eighteenth-century Virginian; and it would be both instructive and entertaining if *The Virginia Magazine* could supplement these and add to them a chapter on Virginia coats-of-arms with their mottoes.

The Free Parliament

Correspondents must send their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

1764.—Who wrote the poem beginning,
"Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,
That the bravest suffer most?"

F.

Publications Received

Alger, H. Only an Irish Boy. Porter & Coates.
Becker, K. F. von. Ulysses und der Kyklop. Ed. by W. S. Lyon. 25c.
Crockett, S. R. Mad Sir Ughtred. \$1.25. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Charities, 27th Annual Report of The State Board, 1893. Macmillan & Co.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Wild Proxy. Albany: State Printer.
Evetts, B. T. A. New Light on the Bible and Holy Land. Cassell Pub. Co.
Gladden, W. The Church and the Kingdom. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
Fleming H. Revell Co.

Hawthorne, H. The Fairest of the Fair. \$1.25.
Hunt, E. Geometry for Grammar Schools. 25c.
Howland, M. Papa's Own Girl.
Hubbard, E. No Enemy (But Himself). \$1.50.
Jones, S. J. Godfrey Brenz. 80 cts.
Kendall, M. Songs from Dreamland. \$1.75.
Logan, M. A. Sweet Alyseum. \$1.00.
Meyer, F. B. The Bells of Is. 75c.
Minssen, B. La Belle au Bois Dormant. Le Chat Botté. 50c.
Moore, F. P. "I Forbid the Banns!"
Ouida. The Silver Christ. A Lemon Tree. \$1.25.
Overland Monthly, Vol. 23. San Francisco: Overland Monthly Pub. Co.
Prince, J. T. Arithmetic by Grades. Teachers' Manual. 90c. Ginn & Co.
Prince, J. T. Arithmetic by Grades. Books I. to VIII. Ginn & Co.
Pemberton, Max. The Iron Pirate. Cassell Pub. Co.
Rowell, M. The Friend of the People. (3 Vols.) \$4.00.
Regents Bulletin. 2 Pamphlets. 10cts and 25cts.
S., H. W. Science of Motherhood. 35c.
St. Felix, M. Two Bad Brown Eyes. 50c.
Scovill, E. R. Care of Children. \$1.25.
Sturgis, J. A Book of Song. \$1.75.
Theal, G. M. The Story of South Africa. \$1.50.
Welch, W. H. Higher Medical Education, etc.
Warden, F. "A Perfect Fool." 50c.
Youngusband, Capt. G. J. Short Leave to Japan.
Y. L. Following the Star. 90c.
Albany: University of N. Y.
Fleming H. Revell Co.
Merriam Co.
Phil.: Henry Altemus.
D. C. Heath & Co.
Lowell, Coryell & Co.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Phil.: Amer. S. S. Union.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.
Fleming H. Revell Co.
Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Cassell Pub. Co.
Macmillan & Co.
Overland Monthly Pub. Co.
Ginn & Co.
Ginn & Co.
Cassell Pub. Co.
London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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"Queens of Society. 4 vols., cloth, 12mo. \$4.00.
Las Cases' Napoleon. 2 vols., cloth, 12mo. \$2.00.
O'Meara's Napoleon. 2 vols., cloth, 12mo. \$2.00.
Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianae. 6 vols., cloth, 8vo. \$6.00.
Velasquez' Civil War. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth. \$1.50.
Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. \$1.25.
"Latin Dictionary. \$2.25.
"Cyclopedia of English Literature. 2 vols. \$7.00.
"Book of Days. Imp. oct., 2 vols. \$7.00.
"Miscellany. 10 vols.; cloth. \$7.50.
Water's Intellectual Pursuits. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.00.
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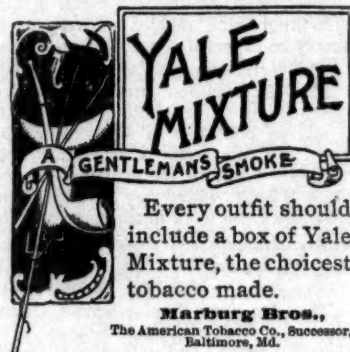
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